

# RURAL REPOSITORY,

A Semi-monthly Journal, Devoted to Polite Literature;

Such as Moral and Sentimental Tales, Original Communications, Biography, Traveling Sketches, Amusing Miscellany, Humorous and Historical Anecdotes, Poetry, &c. &c.

VOLUME XVI.

HUDSON, N. Y. SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 9, 1839.

NUMBER 11

## SELECT TALES.

From the Boston Weekly Magazine.

### RUTH DEANE; Or, the Collegian's Sister.

BY CAROLINE ORNE.

[Concluded.]

Young Deane and his friend Harleigh had been gone about fifteen minutes, when the merry jingle of bells was heard approaching.

"Those are aunt Nelly's bells, I should think," said Mrs. Deane.

"I guess they are," replied her husband.

In a minute more a sleigh stopped opposite the front door, of Mr. Deane, who was going out to see if his assistance were wanted, was met at the threshold by Mrs. Eleanor Marshall, his only sister, who was a rich widow, without children. She was accompanied by Dr. Kilham, a bachelor of about forty, who had, many years before the decease of Mr. Marshall, as well as since that event, boarded in the family. He was a great favorite of aunt Nelly, who was often heard to say, that although he took up doctoring of his own accord, as he possessed the entire confidence of her husband when alive, she should always patronize him. It would seem, too, that he possessed the confidence of the community, being extremely popular as a practitioner, and taking the practice almost entirely from the regularly-bred physician, so that he was compelled to depend for a livelihood more upon the produce of a small farm than his profession.

As soon as aunt Nelly, with the assistance of Ruth, had divested herself of her hood and lamb-skin cloak, seated herself in the arm-chair at what she deemed the most comfortable distance from the fire, and had taken her knitting-work and spectacles from her pocket, she turned towards Ruth with a sharp, prying look, and said, "How comes it about, Ruthy, that you are at home to-night? I reckoned you would be gone off to the party with the young college spark they told me about, but I am master glad to find you at home. You know sister," turning to Mrs. Deane, and lowering her voice, "that the doctor has taken a real liking to her." Before Mrs. Deane had time to reply, the door opened and Dr. Kilham was ushered into the room by Mr. Deane. He was rather below the middling size, with manners smart, bustling, and important. He was clad in a suit of light grey, and a long slender queue, that rested on his coat collar, like a lever on its fulcrum, not a little enhanced his natural appearance of briskness by moving in obedience to the quick and frequent motions of the owner's head.

"Your servant Mrs. Deane—your servant, Miss Ruth," said he. "Glad to see you look so well. I apprehend that the compound-cup mix-

ture I sent you the other day, has had a salutary effect."

"I'll be bound it had," said aunt Nelly, "if it is the same kind of trade you mixed for me to take o'mornings. That is master comforting to the stomach."

"Pure air and proper exercise make the best mixture for the stomach that I have ever found," said Mr. Deane.

"Air and exercise are good in their places, brother," said aunt Nelly, "but if your stomach felt as basely as mine does sometimes, you would be glad to take a little trade."

An hour or two passed away in conversation, that was doubtless very edifying to themselves, which we must pass over through default of memory, when aunt Nelly turning to Mr. Deane, said, "Now, brother, I am going to tell you my business here this evening. I want you and sister, and Ruthy, and Sedley, and the other college spark, all to come and dine with me Thanksgiving-day."

"Well, sister," replied Mr. Deane, "I have no objection to going, if it suits the women-folks and the rest of 'em."

"I for one, shall be obliged to decline your invitation," said Ruth.

Before aunt Nelly had time to remonstrate, Mrs. Deane rose and beckoned her to follow into another room.

"Well the child shall have a gown, any how—she shall not stay moping at home all the time on that account," said aunt Nelly, as soon as Mrs. Deane had explained to her the reason why her daughter would be obliged to remain at home,— "and as good luck would have it, I have money enough with me to buy as good a gown as there is in the town of N—. Here," added she, "you had better take my pocket-book, producing one wrought with crewels of every color, "and I reckon it will be your best way to go with brother when he goes to town next Monday, and buy the gown yourself, because you know men folks are no great judges of stuff for women's wear. But stop sister a minute—I want you to speak a good word to Ruthy, for the doctor. I reckon the young college spark will strike her fancy, but you know the doctor is worth a good interest besides what he gets for doctoring and selling trade, and as he has now arrived to years of discretion, it is likely that he will go on adding to his interest, in the room of spending it."

"If Ruth is disposed to favor the doctor's addresses, I certainly shall not oppose her," said Mrs. Deane.

"It will be a feather in her cap, I can tell you, if she will, and I reckon the match will be brought about one day or other, for according to my mind he has naturally a mighty taking way with him."

Mrs. Deane, according to the advice of her

sister, accompanied her husband to town the Monday before Thanksgiving and purchased some calico for Ruth's dress. The next day aunt Nelly ordered an early dinner, that she might be in season to take a seat in Dr. Kilham's sleigh, who was going to pass right by Mr. Deane's door to visit a patient, for she told Becky that she must assist in making up the gown, as she could, although her eye-sight was poorish, run the breadths as well as any body.

"Well, this is a beauty of a piece," said aunt Nelly, putting on her spectacles and unrolling the calico—"it is every bit handsome enough for a wedding gown."

"I guess it is," said Dr. Kilham, who had stepped in a moment just to warm him—"and if I had a queen for a patient, and my wife, supposing I had one, should accompany me when I went to visit her, I should not wish her to wear a better."

Harleigh, who was the last to express his opinion, said he liked it because it was exactly like one his sister had, while Ruth, who had never felt quite certain whether she was pleased with it or not, from that moment felt perfectly satisfied with it.

It was the work of only a few minutes for aunt Nelly to measure and tear off the breadths, while, with some patterns for a guide, borrowed of Lydia Freeman, which she had recently obtained from town as the newest fashion, the whole was soon cut and basted, which proved, on trying it on, to be "an excellent fit."

"Come, Ruthy," said aunt Nelly, picking up the shreds of calico and making them into a nice roll—all except a scrap to show to Becky—"I reckon it is hard upon nine o'clock now, and you had best leave off work for fear of hurting your eyes. The gown is in a fair way, and you can finish it to-morrow in the afternoon, without a stitch of help. Come this way a minute," added she, lowering her voice. "Here," drawing from her pocket a small package, "is a little present to go with your new gown, but you need not say anything about it, and don't open it till Thanksgiving-day morning. Come Sedley," said she, advancing to the fire-place, "just hitch the horse to the sleigh, for it is high time that I was at home. I hope you won't think it hard to wait on your old aunt once in a while, will you?"

"O no," replied Sedley, rising to obey her request, "we all like to wait on you."

"The sleigh is ready, aunt," said Ruth, handing her her small feather muff.

"Good night," said aunt Nelly. "Remember that I shall expect you, one and all, to come right to my house after meeting Thanksgiving day, and I shall invite Lydia Freeman and Oily Sumner, so that there may be young folks enough to have a sociable time among themselves, if they are so disposed."

Aunt Nelly was a stirring body, and was quite in her element when superintending the culinary preparations for a grand quilting, or for Thanksgiving.

"Now Becky," said she, Wednesday morning, "we must not let any grass grow under our feet to-day, I can tell you; for going over to brother Deane's yesterday to help Ruthy make her gown, has put us amazingly behind-hand. You may go right to work and make an oven full of pumpkin pies, while I make the pound cake and the great loaf of plum cake. Stop! stop! Becky—I don't allow to have a drop of milk put in with the pumpkin Thanksgiving time—nothing meaner than good sweet cream—for I reckon it would be a shame, and well nigh on to a sin to celebrate a solemn festival, as the minister calls it, with anything short of the best. Besides, I want to let that young college spark know that we country folks know what good living is, as well as if we were town-bred."

Becky was a good, smart girl, and executed the orders of her mistress with alacrity and despatch, so that by ten o'clock in the evening, the baking was all done but the great chicken pie, and the plum-puddings, a part which of course remained to be performed on the morning of the feast day.

On examining the package given her by her aunt, Ruth found a kerchief and apron of fine lawn, which were very acceptable; for, nice as she was with her needle, she could not darn the backs in her old ones so but what they would be seen. Ruth had certainly never looked so well as when attired in her new dress; and her father though he had said all the time that he thought home-made quite good enough for any young girl, and although he forbore to express his opinion relative to her appearance, could not prevent a look of pleasure from lurking in his eyes and round the corners of his mouth.

Mr. and Mrs. Deane rode to meeting in the sleigh, while Ruth, there being a good path and a bright sun, walked with her brother and Harleigh, and she was really almost ashamed to own to herself, that the distance appeared shorter than it generally did when she rode. A very acceptable sermon was preached, without "notes," by the minister, succeeded by a Thanksgiving anthem, which the choir, for the last three months, had taken unwearied pains to learn. But what excited general wonder, and in some, not a little disapprobation, were the notes of a bass-viol, which were heard mingling with the voices, and now and then, at a rest, prolonged far beyond them. The truth was, the singing master, who, touching the art of music, was as ambitious as aunt Nelly respecting the culinary art, when he heard that a young gentleman from Boston was expected to attend divine service Thanksgiving day, went twelve miles the day before, to procure Mr. Dole and his bass-viol. Those whose pews commanded a view of the "singing-seats," and consequently of Mr. Dole and his viol, were objects of peculiar envy to many who were the occupants of others less eligibly situated, and a look of reproof from some sterner member of the congregation, was frequently directed to those urchins, whose curiosity getting the better of their decorum, caused them,

that they might enable themselves to gratify it, to twist themselves into various grotesque attitudes. Several of the old standards, as some elderly members of the congregation were figuratively styled, whose grave looks always spoke reproof to the light-minded, looked even more grave than usual at having the "big fiddle" brought into the meeting-house, while farmer Batewell, who was sometimes accused of grinding the face of the poor, evinced his displeasure by refraining to beat time with one hand and one foot, as had heretofore been his invariable practice during the performance of the choir. Dr. Kilham, on the contrary, whose queue was wound with a new black ribbon, showed his satisfaction by moving his head by way of beating time, with much emphasis and energy. As soon as the benediction had been pronounced, there was a general rush on the part of the boys to obtain a nearer view of the viol before it was deposited in the green baize bag, those who failed in their object being consoled by the singing master, who told them he meant to have one right off, and learn to play on it himself.

Ruth had stepped from the door, and Harleigh had offered her his arm, for the path was somewhat slippery, when she heard aunt Nelly's voice calling her to come and take a seat in her sleigh. She would much rather have walked in company with Harleigh, Lydia Freeman, Olive Sumner and her brother, but she felt ashamed to acknowledge her sudden predilection for walking, as she had always expressed a great fondness for sleigh-riding. She reluctantly obeyed the call of her aunt, and was very gallantly handed into the sleigh of Dr. Kilham.

"This is the second time," murmured Harleigh, "that she has declined my proffered attendance, and I think it will be the last."

Ruth was sitting by the fire, and looked charmingly when Harleigh and her brother entered the room, and the former was almost tempted to seat himself in the vacant chair by her side. Just at this moment Lydia Freeman entered, who had lingered to adjust her dress, and as if acknowledging her superior attractions he immediately joined her, as she went to gaze on what she had often gazed on before, a sampler "glassed and framed"—the *chef d'œuvre* of aunt Nelly's younger days—which exhibited the alphabet several times repeated, wrought with different stitches and colors; the bottom being ornamented with two clumsy looking birds of a bright red and specked with black, each holding a cherry in its beak. Soon afterwards, Dr. Kilham came in rubbing his hands, and seized upon the still empty chair by Ruth. He had doffed his suit of light grey, and was arrayed in one of wine color garnished with large buttons, which, after having bestowed upon them, the evening before, an hour's labor, shone with a lustre similar to the row of sauce-pans that adorned the lower department of aunt Nelly's dressers, and he felt more than rewarded for his expenditure of time and powdered chalk, when he saw the eyes of Ruth fixed upon them, with, as he imagined, a look of admiration.

"Two fine rows, Miss Ruth," said he, at length, finding that she did not incline to express her admiration audibly, though she still kept her

eyes fixed upon the buttons—"two fine rows—yellow as real gold."

"Yellow!" repeated Ruth, while the next moment not only her cheeks, but her neck and forehead were of the color of crimson.

The truth was, Ruth, who, a few minutes previously, had cast a sidelong glance at Harleigh, was thinking of the beautiful teeth which he happened at the time to disclose with one of his bright but rare smiles, and her first thought was that Dr. Kilham had divined the subject of her musings; she was soon undeceived, however, as he went on to say, "Yes, Miss Ruth, they are as yellow as real gold, and at this moment, to me, a thousand times more precious. Look," added he, "and see the pretty face that is mirrored in every one of them, and you will readily understand the reason."

Poor Ruth blushed still more deeply than before, and looked earnestly round the room to see if there were not some vacant chair to which she could retreat. In doing so, she encountered the gaze of Harleigh, whose surprise was not wholly unmingled with pique at beholding such striking changes painted on her countenance, which he felt could only have their source in a heart full of rich and deep feeling, which was now perhaps gushing forth in obedience to a passion felt for the first time, like the waters of a newly unsealed fountain. As he glanced his eye from her to Dr. Kilham, whom he supposed to be the happy man, he began to think that there might be such things as drugs and charms, by whose power Othello was accused of gaining the love of the fair Desdemona. Dr. Kilham who felt even more sure than Harleigh that he had been so fortunate as to make an impression on her heart, thought it prudent to follow up his advantage by enumerating some of the benefits which would accrue to the damsel whom he might honor with his hand, but just as he was thinking in what way it was best to commence, they were summoned to the dining-room.

Aunt Nelly, with a proud and happy look, took her seat at the head of the table, her guests taking their seats according to their ages. A fine roast turkey formed the central dish, flanked on one side by the large chicken pie, and on the other by the indispensable "boiled dish." This was contained in what was always called "the great pewter platter," which shone almost equal to silver; a pair of chickens and nice piece of rosy pork being placed in the centre, while beets, carrots, turnips and other vegetables, instead of being served in separate dishes, were arranged on the rim, which was from three to four inches wide, so as to form some resemblance to a circle of mosaic work. Plates of brown bread and "drop cakes," smoking hot from the oven, plum-puddings, pumpkin, mince and apple-pies, together with several other kinds, were placed wherever it was most convenient.

As soon as all present had become deeply engaged in doing justice to the savory viands, "Are you subject to any derangement of the digestive organs, Miss Ruth?" said Dr. Kilham.

"Not in the least," replied Ruth.

"Nay, don't be afraid to own it, if you are," said he, "for I was not going to prohibit you from partaking of the good cheer now before you."



I merely wished to recommend a pill which I have lately invented, which proves to be a sovereign remedy for that complaint. From two to forty may be taken at a dose, with perfect safety."

"I should think," said Mr. Deane, "that a person who could digest forty pills at one time, might digest the stamp act with a little tea to wash it down."

"Every one to their vocation," said the doctor, "I leave it to others to search out the diseases of the body politic, and invent remedies for it, while I endeavor to find cures for the body physical. I hope you are—that is, I hope you are not addicted to fevers, Miss Ruth?"

"No, I never had a fever in my life."

"If you should be seized with one, I can assure you, that you, as well as those about you, would experience great delectation in seeing how I could nip it in the bud—why there is not"—and he brought his knife and fork down upon his plate (it was a pewter one) with so much energy as to cause Ruth, who had begun to grow a little nervous with his teasing questions, to start. "I say there is not a fever in the American Provinces, that can stand before my saddle-bags!"

To add to Ruth's confusion, a half-suppressed titter broke from Lydia Freeman, who spoke a few words to Harleigh, who sat next her, in a voice sufficiently loud for her to hear her own name coupled with Dr. Kilham's. Ruth's appetite was now entirely gone, and she longed for the moment when she might leave the table, for the doctor being cased in the armor of self-consequence, which effectually blunted the shafts of ridicule, made it evident to all present, that his sole aim in enumerating the amazing number of cures which he had performed by means of pills, and "cup-mixtures," as he called a certain vegetable liquid of his own invention, was to ingratiate himself into her favor.

Soon after dinner, the older part of the company, one by one, dropped into the kitchen, and seated themselves round the huge fire-place plentifully supplied with maple logs; ostensibly to have a little chat by themselves, but in reality that they might not, by their presence, check the mirth of the youthful portion. Poor Doctor Kilham did not know exactly what to do. His age, and what, in his own estimation, was of still more importance, his knowledge, seemed to place him above sharing in the useless and senseless pastimes, as he had been accustomed to call them, so agreeable to the youth of both sexes, but love and a hint from aunt Nelly, decided him to compromise his dignity for once, and he walked boldly back into the fore-room, just as the company, now increased by the presence of several other young persons of the neighborhood, had commenced the play generally known by the name of "pawns," but in modern times more frequently distinguished by that of "pledges" or "forfeits." Lydia Freeman was chosen to hold the pledges over the head of the person who was to adjudge the kind of mock penance (a real one in many instances) to be performed by the owners in order to redeem them. The first that she selected was a nice lamb's-wool mitten belonging to Dr. Kilham, and Ruth Deane's hood.

"Who are the owner's of these fine things," said she, "and what shall they do to redeem them?"

"The gentleman must take the lady by the hand," was the reply, "and they must walk round the room three times."

Overwhelmed at the idea of the ridicule she expected to incur in common with her grotesque partner of the proposed promenade, Ruth begged to be excused, but the cry was against her, and she was obliged to yield. At first the mirth of the spectators did not rise so high as greatly to disturb the repose of their risible muscles, those who felt that the corners of their mouths were diverging from the line essential to the appearance of gravity, having recourse to their handkerchiefs; but it grew less controllable with every automaton-like step of the doctor's, and they went their third round greeted on every side by irrepressible laughter. Harleigh alone assumed a grave—an almost stern expression of countenance. Dr. Kilham, nowise abashed, relinquished the hand of his partner, seated himself with a self-complacent air in the only vacant seat on that side of the room, leaving Ruth to seek a chair wherever she could find one. Nods, winks and whispers were interchanged, which could not escape her notice.

"I don't know as the new gown will catch the doctor now," whispered one so near her that she unavoidably heard every word, "I think he seems to be rather offish."

"I guess it wont," said another, "and she seems to look pretty dismal about it too."

Harleigh perceived that tears were forcing themselves from her downcast eyes, and with a look and manner that conveyed reproach to those present, he rose and led her to a seat.

"What have I done," said she, in a voice so low as to be heard only by him, "that I must be continually persecuted by that odious man?"

"I have been led to imagine," said Harleigh, "that he was agreeable to you."

"How could you think so?" said Ruth. "O no, he is hateful to me."

It might have been difficult for Harleigh to have explained why this declaration gave him so much pleasure. He certainly could not be in love with this little country-girl, "yet," thought he, "she is very lovely," and he recalled to mind the beauties he was accustomed to see in his native town. With all their high pretensions, there was not one amongst them all, so beautiful or possessed of her natural grace. Obeying the impulses of his heart, he pressed her hand ere he relinquished it, while he gave her a look which more than atoned for all the mortification she had suffered during the day. From that moment it happened that he was more frequently by her side than that of any other young lady in the room, and Lydia Freeman, who had taken much pains to possess him with the belief that Ruth was partial to Dr. Kilham, began to grow less sanguine in the expectation she had formed of making a conquest of—to use aunt Nelly's expression—the young college spark. About eight o'clock, Mr. and Mrs. Deane concluded that it was high time to return home. Harleigh and Ruth were sitting near each other by the door which opened into the adjoining apart-

ment, and though it was closed, they could distinctly hear what was said.

"I don't know," said Mrs. Deane, "but that we had better let Ruth know that we are going, so that she can ride home with us if she chooses."

"No I wouldn't sister," said aunt Nelly, "let the child stay and enjoy herself till nine o'clock with the rest of them. No danger but that she will get a ride home. The doctor has a good horse and sleigh as there is in the parish."

Harleigh perceived that this speech of aunt Nelly had the effect to make Ruth appear thoughtful and unhappy. He left the room and did not return in half an hour. He then took the first opportunity to speak to Ruth when unobserved by the rest of the company. Soon afterwards the clock struck nine, and the play of "cross questions" being hastily concluded, they all prepared to depart. Aunt Nelly brought forward the doctor's dreadnought, while he went himself to see if the boy Billy had properly harnessed his horse. He found that every thing had been done as he had ordered, and taking from the sleigh-box a nice blue and white coverlet woven in the figure called the bird's eye, he spread it over the seat and the back of the sleigh, so as to answer the same purpose of our more modern buffalo robes. He then returned to the house, slipped on his dreadnought and felt in his pocket for his mittens. Only one of them was there. Aunt Nelly hunted and hunted, and Becky and Billy hunted, but it was nowhere to be found. In the mean time Ruth was seen moving towards the outer door with Harleigh by her side.

"Just stop one minute, Miss Ruth," said the doctor, "I shall be ready to wait on you as soon as I find my mitten."

"Here 'tis," said Becky, "I found it under the table."

"O, I remember now, I had it for a pawn," said the doctor, taking it and putting it on in great haste. At the same time he cried out, "permit me, Miss Ruth, as a medical man, to tell you that you have done entirely wrong to stand so long at the door after leaving a warm room. If you had stepped right into the sleigh and wrapped the bird's-eye coverlet around you, there—Why where is Miss Ruth," said he, stopping short in his speech, and looking round with an air of great astonishment.

"She rode off with the Boston gentleman in Squire Gibson's tub-bottomed sleigh, just as you found your mitten," said Billy.

"Well I had no idea of the child doing so," said aunt Nelly.

"Where is your cloak and hood, Becky?" said the doctor.

"It would take a dozen such as Ruth Deane to make as good a pumpkin-pie as you can, and we will if you say so, ride as far as the east parish meeting-house and back again."

"Well, I must say that I am master fond of sleigh-riding," said Becky, as she went for her hood and cloak. Leaving them to enjoy their sleigh-ride, which according to Becky's account, proved a truly delightful one, we will return to the "fore room" at Mr. Deane's, where Harleigh and Ruth had just seated themselves before a bright wood fire, Mr. and Mrs. Deane having retired, and Sedley not having yet returned. The

conversation which had passed between them during their ride home may be surmised by the question of Harleigh.

"Is it," inquired he, "because I am disagreeable to you, that you refuse me, Ruth?"

"No, O no," she replied. "You have seen enough of the world to read the heart by looking into the face, better than that. I am not fitted by education to be your wife. Your friends would feel ashamed of me—you, yourself would blush for me."

"Your education, Ruth, is better than you imagine, and you have intellect, taste and feeling to appreciate and relish what to many with high pretensions, has no attractions. What is better than all, the domestic affections have not been suffered to lie waste. A woman whose heart has been rightly cultivated, will gather flowers to strew on the domestic threshold, where another would find only the root of bitterness. You will think me learned in such matters, but I have proved the truth of this remark in the family circle at home. My mother is an excellent woman, and my sister promises to be like her."

"There is another thing which I would mention," said Ruth, "which may not just have occurred to you—my parents are poor—they can give me nothing."

"I care not for that, Ruth, since they have as little power to deprive you of the home-affections—those jewels of the heart—of which I have been speaking. They are all the riches I desire a wife to possess. Do you still refuse me?"

"If," said Ruth, "after the expiration of three years you find your sentiments as regards myself remain unchanged, I will consent to your proposal. You are now very young, and the obscure country maiden may appear entirely different to you then from what she does now. In the meantime I will apply myself to study as far as I am able, and try to become worthy of you."

Harleigh made some attempt to shake her resolution, but she remained firm. She even refused to correspond with him by letter, and requested him to feel at perfect liberty to offer his hand to another, should he meet with one whom he preferred.

It was not until Harleigh had returned to college that Ruth felt in its full extent, the sacrifice of feeling which she had made to what appeared to her a duty which she owed to herself, and to him and his friends. Many a tale of man's inconstancy arose in her mind, and she for the moment, regretted that she had not suffered him to bind himself by those vows, which he had in vain urged her to receive. Three years! It was an age! and in all that time he had promised that he would not address to her one written word of love, nor even seek to see her. "He will have nothing," thought she, "to keep my memory alive in his heart, while all that I see will cause me to think of him." She had always loved study, but now she pursued it with more ardor than ever. The hope that she should succeed in rendering herself more worthy of Harleigh, would often, when she was worn with toil, cheer and sustain her spirits, and enable her to sit by the midnight lamp, when without such an incentive she would have been overpowered by lassitude.

Months passed away, and Harleigh faithfully adhered to the promise he had made not to write

to her. Perhaps Ruth might sometimes suffer the thought to pass through her mind, that if he were as ardent a lover as the one described in the only romance which she had ever read, he would have ventured to break his promise—an offence that she by no means felt sure she should not have pardoned. Nearly a year from the time they parted, a neighbor who had been to Boston to market, called and left a package directed to Ruth Deane, which he said had been entrusted to his care by the young gentleman whom Sedley brought home from college with him. Ruth succeeded tolerably in preserving an appearance of composure while in the presence of others, but the moment she reached her own room her agitation compelled her to sit down. On opening the package, she found it contained a number of neatly bound volumes. On a blank leaf of one of them, was written "Pembroke Harleigh to Ruth Deane." Had she received a letter from Harleigh containing the most ardent expressions of love, it is doubtful whether she would have perused it with sensations more truly delightful than those she experienced at beholding his name thus joined with hers, written with his own hand.

While the three years are passing away, we will just mention that Dr. Kilham, who was married to Becky about three months after the memorable evening when she rode with him as far as the "East parish meeting-house," was comfortably settled on his own farm, and that he seldom called at Mr. Deane's, except in the way of his profession. His wife, who remembered what aunt Nelly told her about putting good sweet cream into the pumpkin-pies for thanksgiving, sagaciously observed the rule on all occasions; thus securing the commendation of her husband, who said that she was as skilful in making pumpkin-pies as he was in making pills.

Sedley Deane had received his degree of A. B. and was engaged in the study of the law, while Harleigh who had never intended to study a profession, had entered into business with his father.

The three years, at length, came to a close. For the first two or three succeeding days Ruth looked for Harleigh only a little; after that her heart beat quick, and the color on her cheek grew deeper, whenever the sound of horses' feet were heard approaching, and several times when twilight had almost deepened into night, the figure of a horseman dimly descried would persuade her into a momentary belief that he was coming at last. On one of those days which had closed in disappointment, her parents had gone to take tea and spend the evening with aunt Nelly. A sense of loneliness pressed heavily upon her heart, as she took one of the books which Harleigh had sent her, and seated herself by the fire. It was the same in which was written his name and hers, in that free, elegant hand which she would have known had she seen it in Nova Zembla. But to gaze on it now, sent no thrill of joy to her heart. "He has forgotten me," said she aloud, and threw the book upon the table. At that moment the sound that she had of late so often held her breath to hear—the sound of horses' feet—broke the silence. She listened. Surely the rider had stopped before the house. A quick rap at the door succeeded. Ruth knew that he had come; and she found that she had opened

the door, she hardly knew when or how. Her heart's confession was written in her face, and Harleigh scarcely felt surer that she had remained true to those sentiments, which he knew he had once awakened, when he heard the avowal from her lips.

"Ruth," said he, after they had both become somewhat more calm, "your forbodings proved true. The obscure country maiden *does* appear to me differently from what she did three years ago. I did not then believe that the form and face I thought so beautiful could so much improve."

An early day was fixed for the marriage. Aunt Nelly, at her particular request, furnished the wedding-feast, and there was, not only wedding cake, but there were wedding pies in abundance.

When the guests were all assembled, she was observed to regard Harleigh and Ruth for some time with much attention. She then whispered to Mrs. Deane so as to be heard all over the room. "Well sister," said she, "Ruthy and the young college spark, as I used to call him, make a sweet pretty couple, and I think it is all for the best, though I didn't believe it at the time, that Dr. Kilham made a wife of Becky."

The young bride dreaded the introduction to her husband's family, but with that true nobility of mind that can appreciate excellence nurtured in a cottage as well as in a palace, they welcomed her with a cordiality, which at once silenced every apprehension, and caused her to feel that she had found friends, where she feared she should meet only with strangers.

## ORIGINAL COMMUNICATIONS.

For the Rural Repository.

### CHIVALRY.

THE precise period from which we may date the origin of Chivalry, cannot be pointed out. Its elements may be traced as far back as the reign of Charlemagne, and even before that time; but it did not become a regular institution till somewhere about the ninth century, when it united with Religion, and became her advocate and coadjutor.

At that period the feudal system was in full operation, with all its savage horrors and cruelties. Chivalry was designed to correct some of the worst evils of that institution, such as arrogance, misrule and oppression, all of which it did, in a great measure eradicate. And here let us glance at its effects on the various nations of Europe where its influence was ever felt.—That there were evils resulting from it, before it finally went down, all will admit. Purity of morals, which it so highly respected in its infancy, and the guardianship of which was one great object of its attention, it at length came to regard in a less sacred light, and with less watchful eyes. In fact, a looseness of morals ultimately became one of the most prominent features in the character of those who wore the badge of Knighthood; and a disregard of the laws of decorum and virtue, combined with a rising spirit of pride and a wrong idea of the true meaning of honor—which originated the evil practice of duelling;—these with some other excesses into which chivalry ran in the epilogue of its career, proved its final ruin and overthrow. Yet this institution, wild and whim-



sical as it may appear to the superficial observer, was not without its benefits. This we may readily perceive by marking the wonderful change it wrought in the moral character of those nations where it first arose. Many of them, before its establishment, were in a state of degradation as miserable, perhaps, as can be imagined. Oppression and violence, rapine and murder, were continually practiced; the lower classes of society—if indeed society can be said to have then existed—were unprotected by any laws founded in reason or justice. Innocence was unguarded; virtue, truth, religion were unbefriended—and every thing, in short, that was good and sacred, was sacrificed on the altar of savage lust and barbarism. Into such a frightful state of moral darkness had some of the nations of Europe sunk prior to the dawn of Chivalry. At length the few remaining watch-guards of virtue and Christianity, discovered that a fearful crisis had arrived, that the time had come when the increasing current of vice and depravity must be checked, or Religion would eventually be swept from these parts of the earth! Then arose this noble institution, noble at least in its designs, and for awhile in its operations. Having for its object, in addition to what has before been mentioned, the rescue of the captive; the mitigation of the wrongs of the harmless, the innocent and the oppressed; the preservation of orphans and ecclesiastics that were too weak to defend themselves, and the protection of woman from the hands of the sensualist, and fulfilling to an almost incredible extent, its laudible designs—who can estimate its beneficial effects!—Characterized by the several qualities of honor, justice, clemency and courtesy, chivalry had a tendency to check at once the insolence of the lewd and the oppressor, and the rage of violence and anarchy. Then the iron hand of the feudal system began to relax its grasp, its torturing grip was soon scarcely felt. Virtue, humanity and equity now found a seat in the hearts of the people, and Religion dared, unblushingly, to once more show her meek and benign countenance; while thousands and tens of thousands knelt with enthusiastic, though fervent devotion at her once more revered shrine.

Reference has been made to the influence of Knighthood in ameliorating the condition of woman. Before the regular organization of this institution, the condition of females, in many parts of Europe, was too wretched to be contemplated, and cannot be, without the deepest commiseration for them, and a thrill of indignation towards their tyrannical "lords and masters." Those feudal despots, to whose arbitrary guidance they were obliged to submit, seemed to treat them as though they were devoid of feeling, and had no sense of the injustice of their usage or the depravity of their condition. Every insult that unrefined and ignominious thought could engender, they were doomed, unpitied, to endure.—But when Knighthood arose, and the candidate for that office, swore at his inauguration, not only to oppose the wicked generally—to reverence the priesthood and defend the church, but to protect woman from all wrongs, pledging himself, if it must be, to shed the last drop of his blood in her defence; from that moment she began to rise from her degraded state; then she threw off the sable garb

of pollution, and came forth arrayed in the white robe of innocence, humanizing man by her modest demeanor and angelic air, and shedding a halo of purity wherever she appeared. From that period we may trace the progress of moral reform throughout most of Europe. Refinement of manners and sentiment rapidly spread in society, as respect for each other increased among the sexes, while the hand of the rude and the licentious was stayed, and the lawless were restrained from their nefarious course.

To sum up all in conclusion, chivalry restored social intercourse among the people and harmony between nations; lubricated, in a great measure, the asperities of woman's path; mitigated the harshness of general warfare; "thinned the ranks of robbers and ruffians; cultivated benevolence of feeling, and nobleness of disposition; started the ear of civilization; and was the first luminary that appeared amid the gloom of the dark ages, guiding the nations of Europe over the Jordan of vice, and ignorance, and superstition into the land of virtue, enlightenment and Christianity.

J. C.

For the Rural Repository.

## THE STARS.

BY MISS MARY ANN DODD.

ALTHOUGH the stars that glitter above us, have long been the unconscious and innocent cause of much superstition, and their benign or malign influence, often invoked or deprecated: though many an horoscope has been cast, declaring Mars or Venus the star of destiny—leading to victory in battle or success in softer pursuits: though the Astrologer has built him a high tower, and spent his nights in sleepless watching, and his days in the study of a vain science; still they shine on unchanged, from the beginning to the end of time, showing the vanity of man in imagining that those high and brilliant orbs, so steady in their course, so faithful to their duty, hold any influence over his wild and changing passions, or his erring and wayward nature. But though we believe they have no control over our destiny, who can doubt their silent and beautiful ministrations to the mind?—who can go out upon a summer evening to hold communion with the moon walking in brightness, and the stars in their distant spheres moving onward forever—

"Forever singing as they shine  
The hand that made us is divine—"

without humbly acknowledging the infinite wisdom, unbounded power, and eternal love, "which maketh Arcturus, Orion, and Pleiades, and the chambers of the south; which doeth great things past finding out, yea, and wonders without number."

## TRAVELING SKETCHES.

From the Sunday Morning Atlas.

## CHINA.

RECENT occurrences have made every thing relating to China of the highest interest and importance. We are waiting now anxiously to ascertain the result of recent movements. We allude to the stoppage of the opium trade. This has stopped in a measure, and may stop altogether our trade with China, and then we shall

have to grow our own tea or indulge in some other beverage—perhaps go back to the beef-steak and porter breakfasts in which Queen Elizabeth's Maids of Honor used to glory. The next news from China may possibly bring an account of an open rupture. It seems to be the intention of the English to have a brush at the Chinese any how.

In the mean time a brief account of an Empire which may possibly cut us off of our Bohea, Sou-chong, and Gunpowder, after ruining several of our merchants in seizing their opium, may not be unacceptable.

The Chinese Empire is the oldest of existing nations, and the least known or understood. The habits and manners of the Chinese are totally estranged from other people's, and they preserve their individuality in a marked manner. The nearest approximation to the outer world—they consider themselves a world in themselves—is in the practice of drink—the great Chinese beverage—which creates an extensive commercial intercourse with other nations.

The cities of China are peculiar. They are divided into classes, and the distinction is clearly defined by the last syllable, which indicates their size, rank and municipal jurisdiction. The monosyllables which are found at the end of the name of every city are *fu* or *fou*, *cheu* and *kein*. *Fu* denotes a city of the first class, having under its jurisdiction a certain number of cities of the two inferior classes.—*Cheu* denotes a city of the second class, subject to the jurisdiction of its *Fu*; and *Hein* a city of the third class, subordinate to its *Cheu*, as well as under the jurisdiction of its *Fu*. This is an admirable method of telling the size or nature of a city, and would be of great importance if generally adopted. There are supposed to be in the Chinese Empire 160 cities of the first class, 270 of the second, and upwards of 1200 of the third, besides a number of walled towns, not included in any of these classes.

The cities are all enclosed by high walls and large gates, of more strength than beauty. Towers are built at regular distances. The streets are wide, but the houses are rarely more than one story above the ground floor. The shops are adorned with silks, porcelain and japaned wares, the most brilliant of which are hung outside to attract customers. A large board is suspended from the front of each shop with the names of the principal articles sold, either painted upon it, or done in gilt letters. These showy sign boards, placed at equal distances on both sides of the streets, give the whole the appearance of a beautiful colonnade.

Pekin, the chief of the cities of China, occupies an area of twelve square miles. It contains over 3,000,000 of inhabitants. It has two streets as straight as a line, four English miles long and 120 feet wide, which run parallel from two gates on the southern wall, and two gates in the northern wall, and these are crossed at right angles by two other streets of the same magnificent width. The sign post from the stores, to which we have alluded, not merely set forth the nature of the goods, and the exemplary honesty of the dealer, but are generally entwined with silken ribands and hung with flags, pennants and streamers of every possible color, from top to

bottom. The lateral streams of the city are filled up by those who are busied in buying, selling and bartering—the gayety, buzz and confusion that prevail are greater than might be expected from the general character of the Chinese. The dealer cries his goods, the purchaser chaffers and wrangles aloud, the barber flourishes his tweezers in the air, and clacks them together, inviting custom; comedians and quack doctors, (oh! the universal fellows) mountebanks and musicians, pedlars and their packs, jugglers, fortune tellers and conjurers, leave no space unoccupied on the sides of the streets. And this noise, and bustle, and crowd is not confined to any particular season or occasion, but reigns every day of the year.

The police department is very strict. There are barricades at the ends of each street, closed at night, and none are suffered to pass who have not a lantern in hand, and the most urgent business to plead.

The imperial city has many splendours that are imposing and beautiful, but it lacks comfort. It has no pavements—no sewers—no commodious supply of wholesome water; consequently it is muddy in winter and dusty in summer. It abounds in the foulest smells, proceeding from odors and all sorts of filth, which the wealthy try to neutralize in their houses, by making use of a variety of violent perfumes and burning strongly scented wadds and compositious; and its inhabitants are obliged to draw their supplies of the indispensable fluid from wells dug in the city, whose waters are execrable.

The Great Wall of China has been considered one of the wonders of the world—and although it has been somewhat overrated, is an extraordinary work and impresses us with a high notion of the industry and perseverance of the Chinese. The wall averages about twenty feet in height, and is in many places carried over the tops of the highest and most rugged rocks—the towers, which are distributed along it, are seldom less than forty feet high. In some places the wall is so broad at the top, that six horsemen placed abreast might have a race on it without inconveniencing them. This wall, after standing 2000 years, appears for leagues and leagues, as strong as at first. The wall is in many places dilapidated. It was built in five years, the Emperor impressing three men out of every ten in his dominions, into the work. It was finished 205 years before the birth of Christ. The mass of matter in the walls is said to be more than sufficient to surround the globe on two of its great circles, and with two walls each six feet high and two feet thick.

The Canals of China are a greater wonder, than even the great wall itself. They cross the country in every direction, and renders much of China a water Holland. The *Yun Leang* or great Canal, is 300 leagues in length. Mr. Barrow calls it “an inland navigation of such extent and magnitude, as to stand unrivaled in the history of the world.” Instead of locks, where the difference in the level of the water is above six feet, vessels are passed from the lower to the upper water, by an inclined plane at an angle of about forty degrees, built with stone and kept smooth and slippery. The vessel is dragged up,

having cables attached to her by means of two or more, sometimes as many as six capstans, which are placed by the sides of the Canal, above the inclined plane. Each windlass has four bars and is manned by from twelve to sixteen men.

The Bridges crossing these Canals, are numerous and elegant. They are chiefly for foot passengers. They are formed of three, five or seven arches; the centre arch being frequently from thirty to forty feet wide, and sufficiently high to let vessels pass without striking their masts. The elevation of these bridges, renders steps necessary, in this respect they resemble the old bridges of Venice. The Canal bridges are, however, nothing in comparison with the bridges thrown across rivers or long swamps and places exposed to inundations. Some of these are of prodigious extent, and have triumphal arches upon them, in the pagoda style, and built of wood. The bridge of Laydng, in the province of Fokien, is 5,940 feet long, by 104 feet wide. There is another bridge in Fokien, over an arm of the sea, built of yellow and white stone. It is 2,475 feet long and 8 1-4 feet broad; has 100 very lofty arches, and is adorned with sculptures of lions and other animals, in the prevailing taste of the country. There are also bridges of boats, suspension and swing bridges without number.

Such is a brief account of the cities—great wall—canals and bridges of the Celestial Empire.

### MISCELLANY.

From the “School Boy,” by the Rev. John B. C. Abbot.

#### THE BOY AND MAN.

A FEW years ago, there was in the city of Boston, a portrait painter, whose name was Copley. He did not succeed very well in business, and concluded to go to England, to try his fortunes there. He had a little son, whom he took with him, whose name was John Singleton Copley.

John was a very studious boy, and made such rapid progress in his studies, that his father sent him to College. There he applied himself so closely to his books, and became so distinguished a scholar, that his instructors predicted that he would make a very eminent man.

After he graduated, he studied law. And when he entered upon the practice of his profession, his mind was so richly stored with information, and so highly disciplined by his previous diligence, that he almost immediately obtained celebrity. One or two causes of very great importance being intrusted to him, he managed them with so much wisdom and skill, as to attract the admiration of the whole British nation.

The king and his cabinet, seeing what a learned man he was and how much influence he had acquired, felt it to be important to secure his services for the government. They therefore raised him from one post of honor to another, till he was created Lord High Chancellor of England—the very highest post of honor to which any subject can attain; so that John Singleton Copley is now Lord Lyndhurst, Lord High Chancellor of England. About sixty years ago he was a little boy in Boston. His father was a poor portrait painter, hardly able to get his daily bread. Now, John is at the head of the nobility of England; one of the most distinguished men in talent and power,

in the House of Lords, and regarded with reverence and respect by the whole civilized world. This is the reward of industry. The studious boy becomes the useful and respected man.

Had John S. Copley spent his school-boy hours in idleness, he would probably have passed his manhood in poverty and shame. But he studied in school when other boys were idle; he studied in college, when other young men were wasting their time; he ever adopted for his motto, “*Ultra Pergera*,” (*Press onward*)—and how rich has been his reward.

You, my young friends, who open this book, are now laying the foundation of your future life. You are every day at school, deciding the question, whether you will be useful and respected in life, or whether your manhood shall be passed in mourning over the follies of mis-spent boyhood.

### HUMAN LIFE.

How truly does the journey of a single day its changes and its hours, exhibit the history of human life!—We rise up in the glorious freshness of a spring morning. The dews of night, those sweet tears of nature, are hanging from each bough and leaf, and reflecting the bright and myriad hues of the morning. Our hearts are beating with hope, our frames buoyant with health. We see no cloud, we fear no storm; and with our chosen and beloved companions clustering around us, we commence our journey. Step by step, the scene becomes more lovely; hour by hour, our hopes become brighter. A few of our companions have dropped away, but in the multitude remaining, and the beauty of the scenery, their loss is unfelt. Suddenly we have entered upon a new country.—The dews of the morning are exhaled by the fervor of the noon-day sun; the friends that started with us are disappearing.—Some remain, but their looks are cold and estranged; others have become weary, and have lain down to their rest; but new faces are smiling upon us, and new hopes beckoning us on. Ambition and fame are before us, but youth and affection behind us. The scene is more glorious and brilliant, but the beauty and freshness of the morning have faded, and forever. But still our steps fail not, our spirits fail not. Onward and onward we go; the horizon of happiness and fame recedes as we advance to it; the shadows begin to lengthen, and the chilly airs of the evening are usurping the fervor of the noon-day. Still we pressed onward: the goal is not yet won, the haven not yet reached.

The bright orb of Hope that had cheered us on, is sinking in the West; our limbs begin to grow faint, our hearts to grow sad: we turn to gaze upon the scenes that we have passed, but the shadows of twilight have interposed their veil between us; we look around for the old and familiar faces, the companions of our travel, but we gaze in vain to find them: we have outstripped them all in our race after pleasure, and the phantom yet uncaught, in the land of strangers, in a sterile and inhospitable country, the night-time of death, and weary and heavy laden, we lie down to rest in the bed of the grave! Happy thrice happy is he, who hath laid up treasures in himself, for the distant and unknown to-morrow. —*Charlton.*



## LIFE IN NEW ORLEANS.

It is in winter we are the gayest people on this continent, with more variety of life and manners than any other city presents, in the summer we are the dullest. The monotony of existence caused by the very general absences, is only varied by the fever and the exciting scenes it creates. We proceed to mention one, the relation of which caused a chill through our hearts, and struck the "electric chain" by which we are strongly bound. It surely must have thrilled the heart of the beholder with sudden horror.

Dr. Lambert, an excellent as well as an eminent French physician in this city, relates that during his frequent rides through the different streets, his attention has almost always been attracted as he passed a house where a poor family lived. The family consisted of a man and his wife, both rather young, and the latter good looking, with a little infant smiling in beauty, and about ten months old. He was led to notice them from the appearance of content that lived there, and their being frequently on the banquette before the house.—After the fever set in, he still saw them for some days, happy as usual, but at length he "missed them from the accustomed place." This he did for two days, until on the third, feeling uneasy for them, he stopped his gig before the house—alighted—rapped at the door. No one answered; silence was in the mansion. He pushed open the door and went in. There lay the husband and the wife on the floor—both dead of the fever, and the former decaying. The child was alive, and with its little arms round the dead mother's neck, vainly trying to draw the sustaining fluid from the breast. Dr. L. says that familiar as he is with scenes of death, nothing before has ever shocked his feelings to half the extent. With a praiseworthy benevolence he has taken measures to have the infant protected.—Such is "life in New Orleans."—*N. O. Times.*

## THE CORPORAL.

DURING the American revolution, an officer, not habited in his military costume, was passing by where a small company of soldiers were at work, making some repairs upon a small redoubt. The commander of a little squad was giving orders to those who were under him, relative to a stick of timber, which they were endeavoring to raise to the top of the works. The timber went up hard, and on this account the voice of the little great man was often heard in his regular vociferations of "Heave away! There she goes! Heave ho!" etc.—The officer before spoken of stopped his horse when he arrived at the place, and seeing the timber sometimes scarcely move, asked the commander why he did not take hold and render a little aid.—The latter appeared to be somewhat astonished, turning to the officer with the pomp of an Emperor, said, "Sir, I am a Corporal!" "You are not though, are you?" said the officer; "I was not aware of it." And taking off his hat and bowing, "I ask your pardon, Mr. Corporal." Upon this he dismounted his elegant steed, flung the bridle over the post, and lifted till the sweat stood in drops on his forehead. When the timber was elevated to its proper station, turning to the man clothed in brief authority, "Mr. Corporal," said he, "when

you have another such a job, and have not men enough, send to your Commander in Chief, and I will come and help you a second time." The Corporal was thunder-struck! It was Washington.

## BOOKS.

It is chiefly through books that we enjoy intercourse with superior minds, and these individual means of communication are in the reach of all. In the best books, great men talk to us, give us their most precious thoughts, and pour their souls into ours. God be thanked for books. They are the voices of the distant and dead, and make us heirs of the spiritual life of past ages. Books are the true levelers. They give to all who will faithfully use them, the spiritual presence of the best and greatest of our race.—No matter, how poor I am. No matter, though the prosperous of my own time will not enter my obscure dwelling. If the Sacred Writers will enter and take up their abode under my roof—if Milton will cross my threshold to sing to me of Paradise, and Shakespeare to open to me the worlds of imagination, and the workings of the human heart, and Franklin to enrich me with his practical wisdom, I shall not pine for want of intellectual companionship, and I may become a cultivated man, though excluded from what is called the best society in the place where I live.—*Dr. Channing.*

IRISH HUMOR.—An Irishman seeing an outside passenger of an English stage coach covered with dust, observed, that if he was a potato, he might grow without any further planting.

## Rural Repository.

SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 9, 1839.

A MISTAKE CORRECTED.—The following article, under the title of "A Beautiful Reflection," has gone the rounds of the papers and been generally attributed to Bulwer:

"It cannot be that earth is man's only abiding place. It cannot be, that our life is a bubble, cast up by the ocean of eternity to float a moment upon its waves and sink into darkness and nothingness. Else why is it that the high and glorious aspirations, which leap like angels from the temple of our hearts, are forever wandering abroad unsatisfied? Why is it, that the rainbow and the cloud come over us with a beauty that is not of earth, and then pass off and leave us to muse upon their faded loveliness? Why is it, that the stars, which 'hold their festivals around the midnight throne,' are set above the grasp of our limited faculties—forever mocking us with their unapproachable glory? And finally, why is it, that bright forms of human beauty are presented to our view and then taken from us—leaving the thousand streams of our affections to flow back in an Alpine torrent upon our hearts? We are born for a higher destiny than that of earth," etc. etc.

Finding it in this isolated state, and supposing it to have been written by the celebrated novelist, the editor of one of our best exchange papers took occasion some time since to criticise it, as we think, somewhat severely. Saying it was deficient in perspicuity—blaming the author for not illustrating it with the natural history of the caterpillar, and winding up thus:—"It amounts to this.—We are unsatisfied mortals—rainbows and clouds are beautiful, and yet they fade into nothingness—the stars like the phantom dagger of Macbeth are above our clutching—even human beauty is frail, and as it fades

leaves us nothing but what chills the heart—*ergo* we are born for a higher destiny than that of earth! Mr. Bulwer has certainly gone to work on the principle that a deduction is a deduction, all the world over—no matter whence derived."

But the trifle in question, whether a subject of praise or blame, belongs not to Bulwer. It is an extract from a touching little sketch, entitled "The Broken Hearted," from the pen of our own Prentice, and seems to have flowed warm from the heart of the writer. He describes the commencement and progress of his acquaintance with a young and lovely girl wasting away by disease—a disease of the heart. She gave him "her confidence"—"he became unto her as a brother."—"Love," says he "had been a portion of her existence. Its tendrils had been twined around her heart in her earliest years, and when they were rent away," by the death of its object, "they left a wound which flowed till all the springs of her soul into blood."—"They parted—she died—they told him she was dead—and it was the death of this beautiful being, who had crossed as a bright meteor his path, and her pure spirit exhaled to its native skies, as a meteor faded away, that called forth the reflection, which in its connexion, we must still consider as beautiful.—It is not when the departure of beloved ones presses heavily upon the heart, that we coldly reason from analogy. We have perhaps before believed in the truths of revelation—rejoiced in the promises of the gospel; but now it is that we bind them still closer to the heart—that we *feel* that they are true—that they are indeed great and precious promises. We feel that there are desires implanted in the heart of man by the great Author of his being, which the fleeting enjoyments, the idle pageantry of earth cannot satisfy—that "we are born to a higher destiny," a more enduring existence—that "there is a realm, where the beautiful beings, which here pass before us like visions, will stay in our presence forever."

"For oh! how dark and drear and long,  
Would seem the brightest world of bliss,  
If wandering through each radiant one,  
We fail to meet the loved of this!"

"But there's a voice by sorrow heard,  
When heaviest weighs, life's galling chain,  
That voice is the Almighty's word!  
'The pure in heart shall meet again.'"

## Letters Containing Remittances.

Received at this Office, ending Wednesday last, deducting the amount of Postage paid.

L. J. Clockville, N. Y. \$1.00; E. B. S. Fredonia, N. Y. \$1.00; P. M. Whalen's Store, N. Y. \$2.00; E. B. Center Cambridge, N. Y. \$1.00; T. C. W. Troy, N. Y. \$1.00; L. H. Loraine, N. Y. \$1.00; W. H. Jefferson, N. Y. \$1.00; N. C. J. Esperance, N. Y. \$1.00; A. S. Friendship, N. Y. \$1.00; T. S. Farmer, N. Y. \$1.00; L. D. B. White's Ville, N. Y. \$1.00; O. T. Hall's Mills, N. Y. \$1.00; C. H. West Point, N. Y. \$1.00; W. G. W. North Granville, N. Y. \$0.87½; J. N. C. Evansburg, Pa. \$0.62½; P. M. G. H. Mass. \$2.00; M. A. L. Morrisville, Vt. \$1.00; G. R. D. Troy, N. Y. \$1.00; C. W. Watertown, N. Y. \$1.00; J. P. Lyonsdale, N. Y. \$81½; P. M. Cairo, Ga. \$5.00.

## Married.

In this city, on the 21st ult. by the Rev. Geo. H. Fisher, Mr. Jacob Bunt to Miss Amelia C. Lee.  
On the 2d inst. Mr. Adam Irwin to Miss Maria Haynor.  
On the 16th ult. by the Rev. N. Levings, Mr. Thomas C. Whitlock, son of Lewis Whitlock, Esq. of Stockport, to Miss Mary Padlock, both of Troy.

## Died.

In this city, on the 29th ult. William, infant son of William and Margaret Kennedy, aged 4 weeks and 2 days.  
On the 25th ult. Ann Rogers, in her 77th year.  
On the 2d inst. Charles E. son of Robert and Margaret Morris, aged 2 years 1 month and 4 days.  
On the 11th ult. in the town of Westerlo, Albany Co. Mr. Hays Crawford, in the 38th year of his age, respected by all who knew him.  
At Charleston, S. C. on the 23d ult. Mr. John J. eldest son of H. P. Skinner, Esq. of this city, in the 27th year of his age.



## ORIGINAL POETRY.

For the Rural Repository.

## AN AUTUMN EVE.

"Her dew-drops evening gathers  
To gild the morning hours,  
But dew-drops fall on withered leaves  
And moisten dying flowers."

The purple shades of twilight dim,  
Are gathering on the valley's breast.  
But round the clear horizon's rim,  
Each mountain rears a glowing crest.  
Look! where yon crimson boughs flash out  
Amid the forest dark and old;  
And see! each yellow leaf hath caught  
In that rich light, a hue of gold.

The beauties of the dying year,  
Yon setting sun seems loth to leave,  
And sheds his mildest, sweetest smiles,  
To gild a tranquil Autumn Eve.  
Yet there are those o'er whom such hours  
Can bring a shade of saddening gloom!  
To whom the splendors of the scene  
Seem "decorations of the tomb."

They say that ever as the sun  
To southern climes his courser's turns  
The bounding pulse more faintly beats,  
The kindling eye less brightly burns:—  
That beauty scarce attains its bloom,  
And genius rarely sees its prime,  
For Genius, worth, and loveliness,  
Are victims of our chilling clime.

I grant it true—but cannot breathe  
To Autumn winds one sorrowing sigh,  
Nor wish a happier time to live,  
Or a more glorious hour to die!  
The Autumn dews are still and pure,  
And so the pensive mourner's tear;  
And withered flowers are meet to strew  
The early grave—the youthful bier.

I knew of one—a graceful girl  
Of gentle tones and love-lit eyes,  
Round whom the spell of earthly love  
Had woven all its tenderest ties.  
But cold consumption early warned  
The loving and the loved to leave—  
She lingered through the summer days,  
And died upon an Autumn Eve.

And Oh! I never shall forget  
The starry beauty of that night,  
On which the stainless spirit fled  
With the last gleam of setting light:—  
She gently clasped those pearl-white hands  
And closed her eyes as if to sleep,  
When the last music of that voice  
Had softly said, "O do not weep!"

For she had seen enough of life,  
Longed from its sorrows to be free;  
But ah! to stay the falling tear!  
It could not be! It could not be!  
The shrouded form lay pillowed there  
In all its pale sweet loveliness:  
On tear dimmed eyes the lamplight fell,  
And silent pictures of distress.

Without—all seemed as fair and bright  
As if Earth had no place for grief;  
The first pure, early, virgin frost,  
Was falling on each moveless leaf.  
Had aught of motion stirred the scene,  
It might have seemed a spectral thing:  
Or aught of sound, it had been deemed  
The rustling of an angel's wing!

And ever since that lone still night,  
Imprest on childhood's plastic hour,  
There's something in an Autumn Eve,  
That o'er my spirit hath a power.—  
But not of sorrow, or of gloom,  
Of melancholy, or of dread,  
Or terror at the thought of death,  
And sainted spirits of the dead.

But hallowed sympathies pervade,  
The sweetest ties of earth and time,  
Or thoughts, that scorning earthly things,  
Soar to the ethereal and sublime.  
And I could leave the gayest scene  
That ever graced a festive even,  
With high and holy thoughts like these,  
To wander 'neath the stars of Heaven.  
Oct. 29, 1839.

For the Rural Repository.

## TO ———.

BY J. MADIE.

How beautiful the thoughtful calm,  
Reposing on thy brow;  
Like the halo shed by moonbeams  
Upon the pearly snow.  
O! never may a ringlet,  
Of thy raven wavy hair,  
Stray o'er a cloud of passion there,  
Or shade a trace of care.

And in thy eye—so dark as 'twere  
The gift of a Southern sky,  
The dream of loveliness that floats,  
How fervent, pure and high!  
And may a revelation,  
As eloquent, e'er beam  
From its clear depths, and ne'er a shade,  
Subdue its tender gleam!

Thy silvery voice, the gifted,  
Whose faintest echoes  
Are rich and thrilling as the strains,  
Breathed from Eolian strings,—  
O! Time, 'twere sacrilege indeed,  
To quell its joyous tone,  
Or link its angel-melody,  
With a sound of sorrow's own!

And lady, do not deem and name  
These minstrel-longings, vain,  
For is there not a spell of power,  
Thy dower to detain?  
There is!—guard, deeply cherish,  
Thy Youth's pure precious lore,  
And ever con its teachings,  
A bright, unerring store!

For the Rural Repository.

## TO ———.

A GRACEFUL form and lovely mien,  
A damask cheek and dark blue eye,  
The thoughtless maid may treasures deem,  
Which fools, at dearest cost may buy.  
But what are beauties of the face,  
The ruby lip and dimpled chin,  
Unless combined with mental grace,  
And moral worth combined within!

O, prize not then those trifling toys  
Which have no charm in wisdom's eye;  
Which only yield unstable joys,  
That with the fleeting moment fly:  
But strive, oh early strive, to find  
Those precious gems which fadeless prove;  
Which while on earth adorn the mind,  
And brighter glow in worlds above.

RURAL BARD.

For the Rural Repository.

## TO A DEAD MOUSE.

Poor Mouse, thy days are numbered,  
And all thy perils o'er,  
No more with cares encumbered,  
Disturbed by fears no more.

Now every limb and feature  
Is stiffened, cold and dead—  
Oh, tell me, little creature,  
Where has thy spirit fled?

Oh say, where art thou flying,  
From earth's dull scenes away?  
Or what dark wilds descriing,  
Beyond the blaze of day?

Beneath some distant treasures,  
Hast thou prepared thy nest,  
Where never-ceasing pleasures,  
Have lulled thy eyes to rest?

"Oh, check your fancy's dreaming"—  
The mother-mouse replies;  
"And know the spirit's beaming,  
Is hid from mouse's eyes."

"The joys that we inherit,  
Die with our fleeting breath;  
And all of life and spirit,  
Is chilled and crushed by death."

"When o'er the grave reclining,  
You drop the flowing tear,  
Bright worlds above are shining,  
And faith can bring them near!"

"Where the pure spirit ranges,  
Which once was chained below;  
Nor time's—nor fortune's changes  
That spirit e'er can know."

"The Power that made us sprightly,  
With quick and sparkling eyes,  
To spy your treasures nightly,  
And seize upon the prize,"

"Gave you that fancy, soaring  
On eagle's pinions far,  
And ether's realms exploring,  
Where rolls the glittering star!"

"Then cease your idle rhyming—  
That Power demands your lays—  
With angel-spirits chiming  
Your tuneful numbers raise."

S. B.

## RURAL REPOSITORY.

IS PUBLISHED EVERY OTHER SATURDAY, AT HUDSON, N. Y. BY

WILLIAM B. STODDARD.

It is printed in the Quarto form, and will contain twenty-six numbers of eight pages each, with a title page and index to the volume.

TERMS.—One Dollar per annum in advance, or One Dollar and Fifty Cents, at the expiration of three months from the time of subscribing. Any person who will remit us Five Dollars, free of postage, shall receive six copies, and any person, who will remit us Ten Dollars, free of postage, shall receive twelve copies, and one copy of either of the previous volumes. No subscriptions received for less than one year. All the back numbers furnished to new subscribers.

All orders and Communications must be post paid to receive attention.